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STORIES · OF OLD · SYDNEY

BY · CHARLES · H · BERTIE
ILLUSTRATED · BY
SYDNEY · URE · SMITH

With Minnie's best
love to Katie
Xmas 1912

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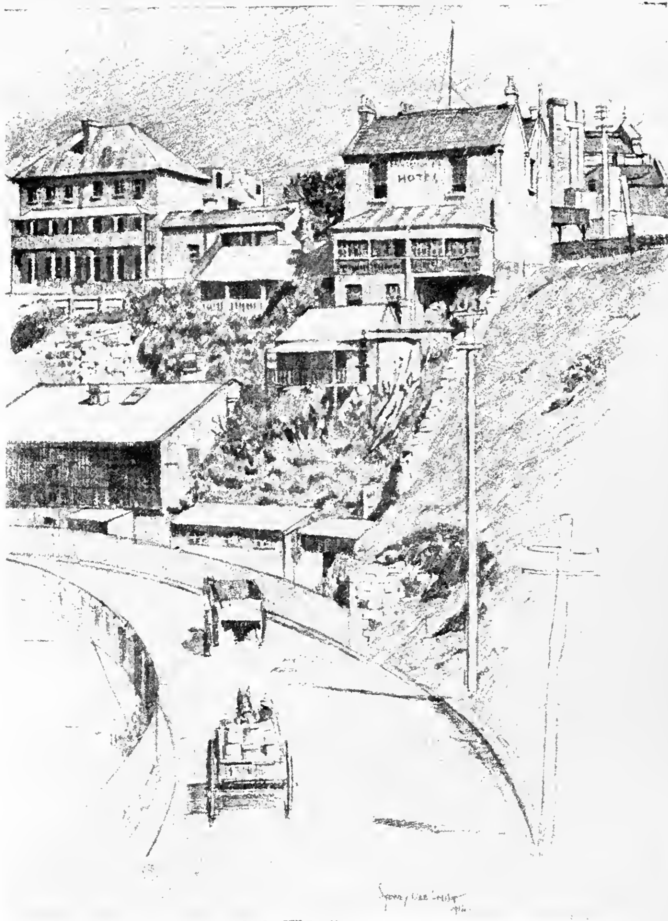
STORIES OF OLD SYDNEY



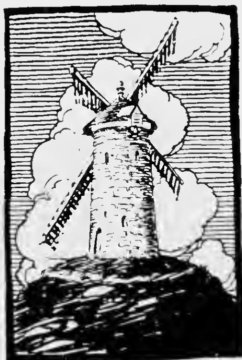
George Street North, the Site of Robert Campbell's Garden

STORIES OF OLD SYDNEY

By CHARLES H. BERTIE

Illustrated by

SYDNEY URE SMITH



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PREFACE

I am indebted to Messrs. John Fairfax and Sons for permission to reprint "The Ghosts of Hunter Street" and "A Ramble round Old Sydney," which appeared, in part, in the *Sydney Morning Herald* and the *Sydney Mail* respectively.

To the Editor of the *Sydney Mail* and to Dr. G. H. Abbott, Mr. Smith is indebted for the loan of the original drawings of several of the illustrations.

Our united thanks are offered to the officers of the Mitchell Library for their assistance.

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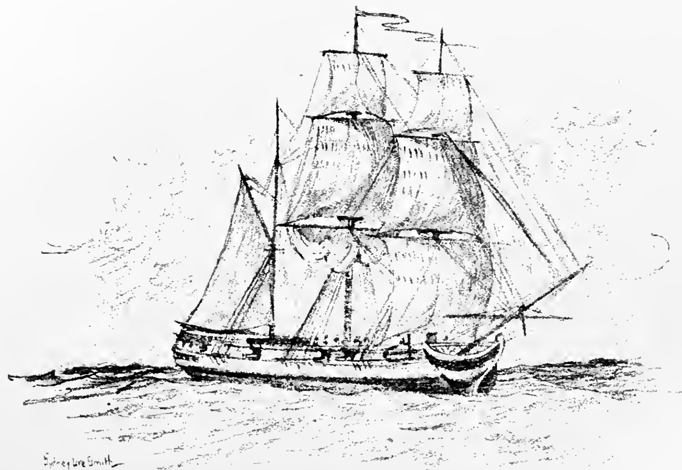


The "Endeavour"

ONE SUMMER'S NIGHT

When evening's hush comes on the land
And day's last legions flee,
I fain would sit and see the hand
Smooth out the wrinkled sea.

And then I see the island lights
Shoot out from night's black cave,
Like founts of fire, that flare to heights
Of fury with each wave.

And there beyond the bridge are ships,
Asleep in even's breeze,
Whose prows have kissed the white-green lips
Of many hungry seas.

And as I sat one summer's night,
And saw the beacon's gleam,
There came to me a noble sight,
In substance of a dream ;

For when the span swung out from shore,
I heard a far-off song,
And through the bridge with sail and oar
There came a stately throng.

And first, as 'twere that timid bird,
The little "Dove" comes through,
And steals away with her unheard,
Unknown, but honoured crew.

The next a Spanish galleon,
Which brought to birth our land,
And on her poop, 'mid frowning gun,
Torres and Quiros stand.

And then came strange and wondrous barks,
With crews both rough and brave,
The men on whom were heavy marks
Of tempest, war and wave.

And last there came with song and cheer,
The ships I'd waited long,
And from the decks there floated clear
An old, an English song.

'Twas there I saw our nation's pride,
The men who ne'er forsook
The call that came to danger's side,
Brave Dampier and Cook.

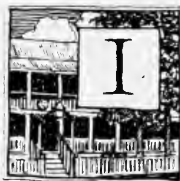
* * * *

The visions fade—then comes a sound
From men and cities caught,
For in the lands these men have found
A nation have we wrought.

Fort Denison

THE GHOSTS OF HUNTER STREET

The Ghosts of Hunter Street



IT is a very pretty difference! Cook having announced a personally conducted tour from Olympia to Australia at very reasonable rates, a large party undertook the journey.

On arrival at Sydney, Sir Henry Parkes, much to Cook's disgust, took charge of a party of distinguished poets, including Shakespeare, Burns, Spenser, and Ben Jonson, and conducted them round the City.

They were shown the site of the "Empire" building—the office in which was published "Murmurs of the Stream"—the principal public schools, and finally Parliament House.

It is not my purpose to chronicle their conversation, although one remark of Ben Jonson's caused Shakespeare to smile. The party came to an intersection of two streets, and there was an inn on each of the four corners. Ben remarked that as he always travelled in an arc when he came out of an inn, he couldn't see how he'd ever get out of that intersection.

Late in the afternoon, after the main sights had been viewed, Judge Roger Therry gathered together a small party of men who had lived in Hunter Street to renew their associations with the street.

At the top of the road the Judge introduced Mr. Tawell, a genteel-looking Quaker, who (he explained) had lived on one side of the street, while he lived on the other.

"Tawell," said Sir Henry, "I seem to remember something about you."

"I hope it's in the middle of my career," said Tawell, hurriedly.

"Ah! I have it. Didn't you empty gallons on gallons of good rum into the harbour once?"

"I did," said Tawell, piously. "It is one of the things I am proud of. Friend, such a lesson in practical temperance Sydney has never seen since."

"But a shameful waste of good rum," muttered Sir Henry, passing down the street.

The Judge whispered to his neighbour. "He came out as a convict for forgery, made a lot of money, led a most exemplary life, went home to England, poisoned a woman, and was hanged. Most extraordinary character! When he was winding up his affairs in the colony before going to England he had about £7,000 worth of bills. As he could not wait until they were due he called on Mr. William Barton, the sharebroker, who had an office down in Macquarie Place, and asked him to get offers for the lot in cash. £5,000 was the highest Mr. Barton could get. This Tawell refused, and took the bills away. Mr. Barton forgot all about him, but one day Tawell walked in and said: 'Friend, I have been thinking it

was not thy fault that I would not accept the highest price that thou couldst, by thy labour, get offered for my bills; thou didst thy best, so here is one per cent. for thee on the highest offer that thou didst elicit.' Tawell left £50 on the desk and walked out."

Several old gentlemen became very excited when the party reached the corner of Hunter and Castlereagh Streets.

"Dear, dear," said one of them, "they couldn't even leave the old Club House Hotel. Man, do you remember what nights we had in the old place?"

"Ah, yes! those were the days. The best 'stone fence' in town to be had there."

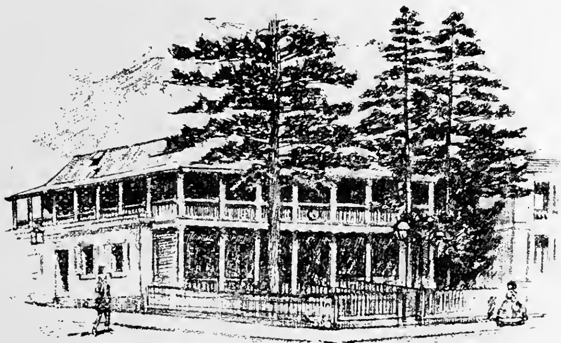
"Well, I must say I preferred a 'spider.'"

"Mine was always a 'Lola Montez,'" chimed in another veteran.

"Excuse me," said a young man, "what was a 'stone fence,' a 'spider,' and a 'Lola Montez?'"

"There you are, Mr. Josephson, even the old names gone."

"A 'stone fence,' my dear sir, was a ginger beer and



Club House Hotel, Hunter and Castlereagh Streets

brandy; a 'spider,' lemonade and brandy; and a 'Lola Montez' was compounded of Old Tom, ginger, lemon and hot water."

"And if you knew the lady it was named after, my boy, you'd see the connection," chuckled a jovial-looking old gentleman.

"I lived in the old house many years before it descended to a lodging house and an inn," said Mr. Josephson, a handsome old gentleman, "and I believe that I planted one of the pine trees that grew there."

"Well, they were there, Mr. Josephson, when I bought the property," said a stout-looking person, who answered to the name of Kite. "I knew that property would be very valuable, so when I made my will I put in a provision that it wasn't to be leased for more than seven years at a time, but I met a man the other day, and he told me that my heirs got round me. What d'ye think they did? Put a special Act of Parliament through to enable 'em to lease the site for twenty-one years! Rank ingratitude, I call it."

At the corner of Hunter and Pitt Streets, Captain Brookes pointed out the site of his house, as did the Honourable Richard Jones.

"Why," said Mr. Beale, "that's where the 'Currency Lass,' that I kept in the forties and fifties, stood. Stirring days they were, too; why, I used to get a new vest nearly every day in the gold days."

"Dear me," said Mr. Jones, "how was that?"

"Well, it was like this. A lucky digger would come in and start to play up and break something. Usually it was a window; they'd get more noise out of that. When I started to put 'em out and call a policeman, they'd go for me and naturally my vest would be torn. Next day the magistrate would order the digger to pay for the damage, including a new vest for your humble servant. When I wanted a new coat, I'd put on an old 'un and put one of 'em out. Clothes! why I didn't buy any for years."

"Come on, gentlemen," said Sir Henry, who had been impatiently waiting, "we'll have no time to look at—ah—some of the more important places."

Near Hamilton Street a little excitable old man drew up to Sir Henry and said: "Do you know, Sir Henry, if they intend to close up Hamilton Street?"

"There's Hamilton off again," said Roger Therry. "You must remember, Sir Henry, that Mr. Hamilton kept a baker's shop at the corner of the street, and he maintains that it was named after him, and is afraid his one hope of being immortalised will be removed. I tell him that the street was named after Lady Hamilton, but he will not believe me." This last with an effort at a wink.

"No, no," burst out poor Hamilton, "I am assured by several competent persons that it was named after me."

Sir Henry, however, heard little of this. He was striding

up the street and stopped only when he reached a shop between Pitt and George Streets.

"There," he said with a wave of his hand, "is where I lived. These hands worked hard in that shop. Just imagine it, gentlemen, if you can? I, who for fifty years made history in this land; I, who moulded an infant State into a man amongst the nations, in that shop made toys for children!"

A respectful silence followed this address. Sir Henry stood for a minute gazing at the building, then turning and walking away he said: "Enough. I dreamt things here, but up there," pointing towards Parliament House, "I did them."

It was on the return up Hunter Street that the difference referred to at the beginning occurred. On the arrival of the party opposite the Union Bank, they found an old gentleman in the last stages of fury. "Confound them," he was roaring; "not one jot of respect for the man who made 'em."

"What's the trouble, Mr. Flower?" said Mr. Therry.

"Trouble," said the infuriated Mr. Flower, "just look there. You remember our old firm, Flower, Salting and Co., one of the largest and wealthiest in the State; well, that's where our store stood. The last time I was here the store was there, and now look. Swept away to make room for the bank, a bank, mark you, that we started and made."

"Never mind, Mr. Flower," said Sir Henry, in a soothing tone, "after all the bank is more than the individual."

"Bosh!" ejaculated the incensed Mr. Flower, "d'ye think

"A party of distinguished poets"

the individual has no claims to consideration? That old store deserved some consideration too. In the gold days hundreds of thousands of pounds were stored there, and trade from all the world came in and out."

"My dear sir," replied Sir Henry, "if you are looking for gratitude from posterity you will be vastly disappointed. It has been observed this day—it has been commented on more than once—that although various statues adorn the streets of this city, nowhere did we find one of me."

"Bosh! Why shouldn't you find one of me?" snorted the old gentleman. "I've done more for the country as a merchant than you as an inflated gasbag."

Then the storm burst. Sir Henry referred to Mr. Flower as a man who fattened on the work of other men. During the altercation Mr. Flower related with deep disgust a story told him, he said, by a country editor recently.

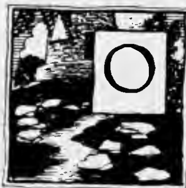
The editor said that on one occasion Sir Henry delivered a speech in the country town where he owned a paper. He was setting up the speech the same night and ran out of "I's." He sent a boy over to the proprietor of the opposition paper to see if he could borrow some. "I's," said the rival editor, "I've been splitting H's for the last hour."

Just after this the bell rang for our return, but the subject of "Merchant or Politician for the country's good?" is down for discussion at the next meeting of our debating society, and there is promise of an interesting and possibly a warm debate.

THE WINDMILLS OF OLD SYDNEY

The Windmills of Old Sydney

The lofty windmills that with outspread sail
Thick line the hills and court the rising gale.



N reading these lines it requires no great imagination to conjure up the vision of a delightful English village of one hundred years ago, with a rotund and jolly miller standing at the door of his windmill, while above the great arms are clanking round and the shadows dance on the green sward to the tune of the sweeps.

But this pleasant vision must be resolved into its airy fabrics and a somewhat ruder picture conjured up from our shadow world. For it was of Sydney—a young but picturesque Sydney—that these lines were written, and the poet was William Charles Wentworth, then a student of the University of Cambridge.

It was no exaggeration to say of Sydney in the early years of the nineteenth century that the "lofty windmills thick line the hills." The silhouette of the city of our day against the redd'ning flush of the setting sun is a picture of delight, but in my mind there is always a desire for one view of that

Sydney where cathedrals and palaces give way to the hills "thick lined" with "lofty mills."

To allow us to realize what we have lost, from the point of view of picturesqueness, by the decay of the windmills, we have a number of pictures of early Sydney wherein the mills are a pleasing feature. To appreciate fully the value of a windmill as a landscape effect we must turn to the works of the great masters. I have before me as I write an engraving of "A view on the river," by Jakob van Ruysdael, the great Dutch painter. On the river is a sloop, and in the distance the spires of a church, while heavy clouds darken the sky; dominating the whole is a round windmill with three great sweeps majestic against the lowering sky. There is a sense of vastness, almost infinity, conveyed by those mighty arms stretching towards the heavens, in strong contrast with the placid Dutch scene beneath. And have we not the mills of the miller's son, good honest John Constable, who wrote of Ruysdael "I shall begin painting as soon as I have the loan of a sweet little picture by Jacob Ruysdael to copy"?

If only to teach our artists the "psychology of light" we should have a windmill in Sydney. The desire of Constable for the beauty of light is seen in his letter to his friend Fisher. "My Lock," he wrote, "is liked at the Academy, and indeed it forms a decided feature and its light cannot be put out, because it is the light of Nature, the mother of all that is valuable in poetry, painting, or anything else where an appeal

to the soul is required." It was during the year when Constable worked in his father's mill that he absorbed the holiness of light and saw the beauty that made him the great painter of rural England. In Rembrandt we have a more intense passion for the fundamental lights, and it would be strange if the luminous lights in his father's mill had no share in educating the young painter's eyes.

The enticing steps that have led me from Sydney to Holland and Rembrandt are perfectly plain, but the return path presents no such gradations; in fact, all I can perceive is a steep cliff, at the bottom of which is the First Fleet to arrive in Port Jackson. If my readers therefore will provide themselves with wings and drop as gently as possible down to the year 1788, we shall pick up our story of Sydney and its windmills. In this year Governor Phillip arrived at Port Jackson with his extraordinary fleet—surely the most remarkable set of nation builders the world has ever seen—and planted the settlement on the shores of Sydney Cove. To grind wheat the Governor brought with him some iron mills operated by hand, but in July, 1790, he wrote to Under-Secretary Nepean that "As the iron mills sent out for the purpose of grinding wheat are easily rendered useless, and destroyed, and will require great labour to grind corn for a considerable number of people, windmills will be wanted, and for the sending out of which I am to request that you, Sir, will take the necessary steps, if it is approved of by Mr. Secretary Grenville, to whom

I have written on the subject. As we have not any good millwrights in the colony, I presume some convicts who have been brought up in that branch might be procured." I like that last sentence; it suggests the picture of some astonished and unfortunate millwright, leaning over a fence to pick a rose, being apprehended for the dire offence and subsequently forming one of the unwilling passengers on a transport bound for Botany Bay. Oh, yes, Governor Phillip, they "might be procured."

The Governor cried aloud for his windmills, but cried in vain. In a parliamentary paper of the year 1792 I find a letter wherein the Lord Commissioner of the Treasury desired Alexander Davison, Esquire, to provide the articles contained in a list accompanying for the "use of the convicts in New South Wales." The list is a curious one, and commences with 928 pieces Ozenburghs, 310 pieces coarse cloth, 560 dozen pairs coarse yarn stockings; it continues through "33,367 needles." and "450 cwt. soap," concluding with "4 pair millstones, with the necessary apparatus and gear for 2 windmills." In 1793 the materials for a mill with two pairs of millstones arrived at Sydney Cove, but it does not appear to have been erected. Prior to this, two men, Allen and Thorpe, had reached the settlement, the former as master miller and the latter as master millwright. Both men were unsuitable; Governor Hunter's opinion of Allen was "that he had cost the public £600 and had not earned £5."

A Darlinghurst Mill

It must have been a coincidence, as Governor Phillip's request that "a good millwright might be procured" could not have borne fruit so soon; but the year 1790 marks the arrival of one James Wilkinson, who claimed to be a millwright. The Lieutenant-Governor gave this man permission to construct a man-power mill, which was not a success. He obtained leave to try again with a larger and more powerful mill. Another Richmond appeared in the field in the person of one John Baughan, who was granted permission to build a rival mill. The trial of strength between Messrs. Wilkinson and Baughan is well described by the late Norman Selfe, to whom I am indebted for much information. Mr. Selfe writes: "In December, 1793, the rival mill houses (erected a little south of Bridge Street on the old Marine Parade) were ready for their tiled roofs, and on the 10th of March, 1794, the first trial of Baughan's mill was made. It was driven by nine men, who walked in a circle like sailors around a capstan head, and, after it got into good working order, ground fifty-three pounds of wheat in seventeen minutes. Wilkinson's second mill was started at the end of April, 1794, and was much larger than his first one at Parramatta, being worked by six men instead of two, who, instead of going round in a circle as with Baughan's mill, walked inside a large wheel like squirrels or white mice in a cage. (The diameter of this wheel was 22 feet).

"After much time had been lost through the wheels in Wilkinson's machine going wrong, the whole thing was

abandoned; the responsibility for the failure was laid principally on the timber used for the cog wheels not being seasoned, and thus causing them to give way. Baughan's mill on the whole was pronounced the superior, and Wilkinson returned crestfallen to Parramatta."

These were the last of the man-power mills, as Governor Hunter arrived in 1795 in the *Reliance*, bringing with him a windmill and a model to assist the men in its erection. The bill of the maker (one Stedman) of this mill reads:—

Mill work	£94	0	0
A small model to direct the setting it up	2	2	0
Painting, etc.	1	3	0
	£97	5	0
Expenses to Deptford	1	1	0

Mr. Stedman makes his total £99 18s., which demonstrates some commercial ability. This windmill was erected on the site now occupied by the Observatory, and was completed in February, 1797. One bushel of wheat ground in ten minutes was its record, which leaves no reason to doubt the veracity of an historian who writes that convicts would wait up all night to catch their turn to have wheat ground. On many occasions the morning tap of drum, summoning him to work, would come before the unfortunate man received his flour; then his choice was no breakfast or raw wheat.

A delightful little commentary on the period is provided by a letter written by Governor Hunter on the 1st of June, 1797, in which he makes reference to the mill we are discussing. The Governor writes:—"I will not fatigue you with an account of what steps I am pursuing for bringing this turbulent and refractory colony to a proper obedience to the laws and regulations established for the general welfare. You will see what I have thought it right to say in my public letters. I will, however, mention a circumstance which has just happened, and which may serve to show how great a number of trusty people are necessary for looking after the worthless villains we have here to manage. Our windmill, which has just been finished, and is now at work, was the other day employed grinding some wheat for people who had some time past been obliged to pay almost one-half their grain to have the other ground. Whilst the miller was absent, and left these very people for whom the mill was then at work, in care of it, during his absence they were clever enough to steal away some of the sails from the vanes or fans, and we have not been yet able to discover the thief. The mill, for want of its sails, was consequently stopped." This is somewhat reminiscent of the eighteenth century story of the thief, Jonathan Wild, who on his way to the gallows picked the pocket of the clergyman sitting in the cart with him.

In a report of the 13th of August, 1806, it is stated that this windmill was then useless. A second and more imposing mill

Boston's Mill in Botanic Gardens

huntsman with two dogs in the upper portion of the Botanic Gardens. Mr. Smith has shown the mill tower in its sere and yellow age —sans sweeps—sans sails. In the left-hand corner the battlements of Government House stables are visible. This mill brings into our view an interesting figure who played a small part in the drama of our early days. His name was John Boston, and he owned the mill shown in the drawing. The first reference we have to Mr. Boston is in a letter written by him on the 5th of December, 1793, to the Under-Secretary of State in which he offers himself as a settler in New South Wales. In detailing his qualifications Boston says: "I was brought up as a surgeon and apothecary, but have never since followed that profession. I have since made my particular study those parts of chemistry that are more particularly useful in trade and business. Have, therefore, a knowledge of brewing, distilling, sugar-making, vinegar-making, soap-making, etc. I have been in business as distiller, but was un-

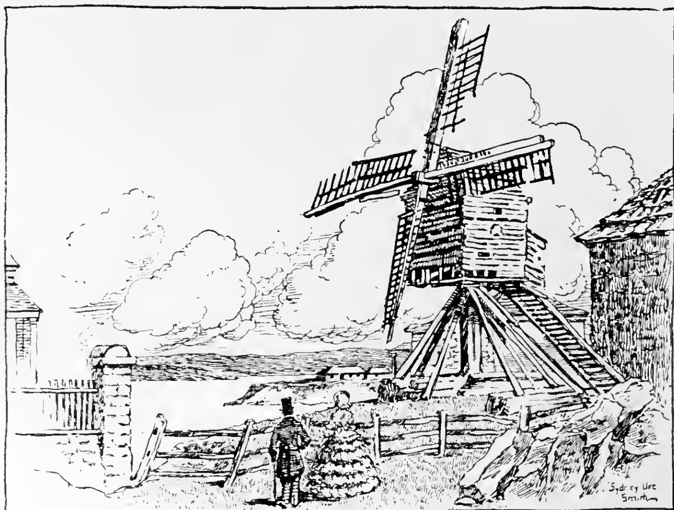
successful. I likewise have a theoretical and some practical knowledge of agriculture." With such qualifications, united with the fact that "my views are not ambitious," it is not surprising that Mr. Boston was accepted as a settler and arrived here in the ship *Surprise*, being one of the first three to arrive in New South Wales as settlers. Instructions were sent out to Governor Hunter to assist the newcomer, who proposed to undertake the curing of fish. Our next view of Mr. Boston comes through a pig—not a particularly heroic medium, but 'twill serve (did not the "sow business" of 1644 affect the destiny of Massachusetts?). Now Mr. Boston owned some pigs in the year 1795, and these were wont to root on a close, the property of Captain Foveaux. The Captain did not object, but Quarter-master Laycock, who differed with Boston in the matter of a cash transaction, determined to adjust that difference to his satisfaction. To this end he instructed a private to shoot a pig when next they strayed. This was done, and of course the unfortunate porker happened to be the best of the tribe. Mr. Boston appeared on the scene, blows followed words, and the subsequent proceedings were transferred to the court. The offended and damaged owner claimed £500 damages from the quarter-master, the private (William Faithfull) and two other members of the N.S.W. Corps who happened to be present. The trial lasted seven days and aroused the intense interest of the whole community. The

verdict was for Boston against the first two with damages at twenty shillings each.

The mill erected by Boston passed, before 1807, into the possession of Commissary John Palmer, who built another which stood near the site of the Governor Phillip statue in the Botanic Gardens. Further south, and occupying the land on which Governor Bourke's statue stands, a small post windmill was erected by Henry Kable, one of our early merchants. This mill was removed afterwards to the heights of Darlinghurst. Mr. Palmer had a bakery also on his grant.

Our next view carries us down to Miller's Point, and depicts the last of the three windmills which, at various times, graced the Point. The mill in our illustration stood on the site of Messrs. Dalgety and Company's store in Merriman Street. A little to the north a terrace of three large houses marks the site of Underwood's mill, and to the south "Jack the Miller" (after whom the Point was named) had his mill. Mr. Norman Selfe, in writing of this individual, says: "'Jack the Miller' was a real historic personage about whom many interesting legends exist. On landing in Sydney in January, 1855, I went at once to live at Miller's Point, and have subsequently resided a good deal in that locality, where, in those days, tales of Tom Cribbs the butcher and Jack the Miller were current. One story says that the Governor offered the miller the whole of the Point if he would put a fence across the neck, but he declined the expense and thus lost the land.

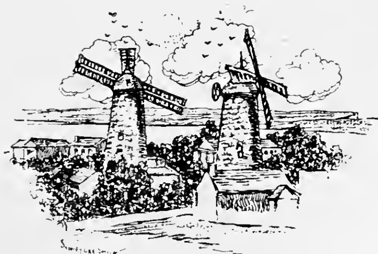
His name was John Leighton, and he died in June, 1826, at the age of fifty-seven." The mill in our picture was existing in 1842, as it is shown in Prout's drawing of that year. It was



Mill on Miller's Point

acquired ultimately by Mr. Davis—one of the heroes of 1798—and donated by him for church purposes.

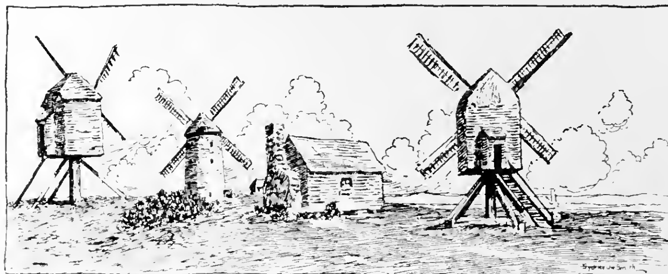
The drawing with two mills takes us across the city to the district once known as Woolloomooloo, but now as Darling-



Mills near Darlinghurst Road and Roslyn Street

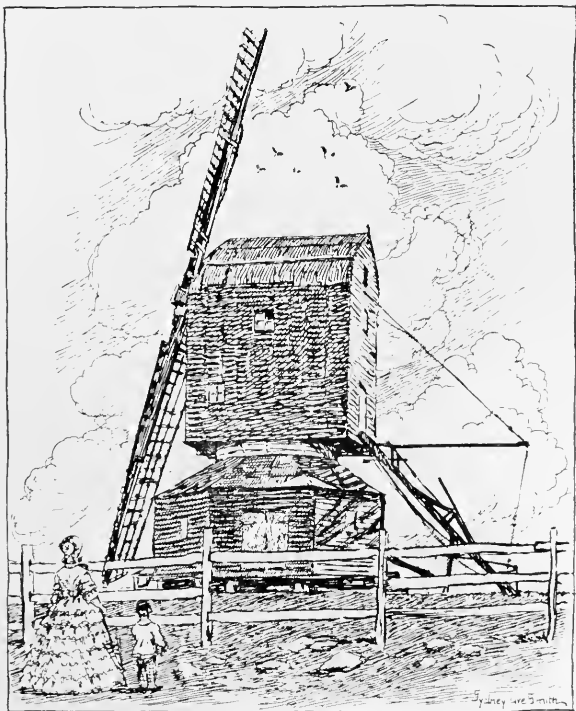
hurst. The ridge following roughly the course of the present Darlinghurst Road provided an ideal spot for windmills, and in the thirties this was the miller town of Sydney. In the Mitchell Library is an old panorama showing six windmills on this ridge. Mr. Smith's view, taken from an old woodcut, shows two stone mills which stood near the junction of the Roslyn Street and Darlinghurst Road of to-day, and north of where Kellett Street now runs. According to Mr. Selfe, the one on the right was erected by Mr. Thomas Barker, and the other by Mr. Girard or Mr. Hyndes. The latter mill at one time was known as Donaldson's mill, Kellett House, the residence of Sir Stuart Alexander Donaldson, standing in close proximity to it. Within a short distance of these mills was found the finest windmill erected in New South Wales, and probably in Australia. It was known originally as Craigend mill, and stood to the east of the present Nimrod Street, near the corner of Darlinghurst Street, on the estate of Craigend, owned by Sir Thomas Mitchell, the explorer and Surveyor-General of New South Wales. The mill was known in 1845 as Hill's mill, afterwards as Fiddon's or Hope mill; in 1857 as

Jenkin's; and in 1865 Captain Robert Towns became the owner of the building and proposed to convert it into workmen's dwellings. The sails or sweeps of this mill were fully forty feet long, and the total height to the top of the arms was one hundred and five feet. This fact was preserved for us because a young architect was fond of yachting. The late Horbury Hunt was preparing the plans for its reconstruction in 1865, and



Mills near Darlinghurst Road and Liverpool Street

in his diary of the 17th of January of that year is this entry: "Old windmill—got up on top platform, climbed out on shaft, as one of the arms was standing perpendicular climbed up it and with Jack knife cut a strip of wood off the arm, pointed it, and stuck it into the end of the arm at 105 feet from the ground." His observation on this entry in later years was "Being a yachtsman in those days accounts for the feat." Of



Hough's Mill, Waverley

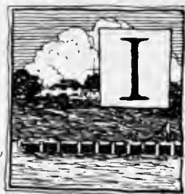
the other windmills on the Darlinghurst ridge, two small wooden mills stood to the north of Liverpool Street, and another with a stone tower, known as Clarkson's, occupied a site close to the present gaol. The last three mills are shown in the drawing.

Our next picture shows a good type of the old post mill. These were constructed so that the whole might be turned to allow the sails to catch the wind. The mill was erected by Mr. Hough about 1846 in Waverley; Mill Hill Street is a reminder for all time of its existence. It was demolished, according to Heaton's Dictionary of Dates, on 1st October, 1878, but a pencil note on the picture from which Mr. Smith's drawing was made gives the year as 1881.

This was the last of the old Sydney windmills, and with it ended what was the most picturesque period in the history of Sydney. I have read somewhere that an ardent lover of windmills in England is preparing a map on which a cross marks the spot where once a windmill stood. "There," he said "I will show them what they have lost by steam," and in sympathy with him I feel somewhat disposed to head this chapter "What Sydney lost by steam."

A RAMBLE ROUND OLD SYDNEY

A Ramble Round Old Sydney



T has been objected that the adjective "old" does not, cannot, apply to Sydney. "Your city is but a century and a quarter old, and as cities go, it is but an infant," our critics have urged. We cannot boast of history "twelve coffins deep," but we can remind our critics that time and age are comparative things. This morning certain insects were born and to-night they are dying of old age. One man has lived a year of pleasure, another one of pain; 'twould be idle to say they were of the same duration. And, above all do we not read "a thousand years in His sight are but as a day?" Charles Kingsley, in one of his charming essays, says that there was no need for him to travel across to Switzerland to see the Alps, or to journey to India to see nature "red in tooth and claw," for on his own moorland, when his eyes were rid of the "tyrannous phantom of size," he could see Alps in the hills, and in the grass at his feet he could find as great a warfare as ever raged in Indian jungle. In like manner we must apply a comparative test for age as well as size, and in this test we shall find Sydney an old city, in fact, so old that Paris and Berlin must need hide their diminished heads, and even London must defend herself with obscurity. For how many

cities in the world can claim that the national history begins with them? This is the proud boast of Sydney, for the shore of Sydney Cove was the cradle of the Australian race, and her old buildings and streets are invested with a dignity beyond that of mere age.

With this by way of preface and preparation, we shall begin our ramble round the city.

The old building shown in the first illustration to this chapter stood, until a few months ago, in Cumberland Street. It was the birthplace and boyhood home of David Scott Mitchell, the donor of the magnificent Mitchell Library. In the early thirties of last century Bishop Broughton—Australia's first and only bishop—was the tenant. Surely such connections should merit some consideration—but—a timber yard is now adorning the site.

Cumberland Place, Cumberland Street

The three pictures following are all views in Cumberland Street, the main street of that intensely interesting portion of Sydney known as "The Rocks," where we find the most instructive relics of a bygone Sydney. It is somewhat difficult to realize

that the dilapidated houses in the second drawing were, in the forties, residences of men of fashion. The stream of life that flowed down this portion of Cumberland Street sixty years ago carried some men who left marks in our history. Somewhat later we have a picture of a small boy playing in the vicinity, for he lived just north of the buildings,

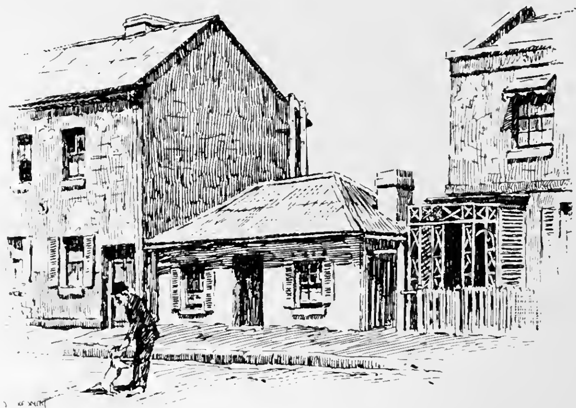
Old Houses in Cumberland Street North

and the footsteps of this boy led him in after years to the chair of the first Prime Minister of Federated Australia and to a seat on the Federal High Court Bench as Sir Edmund Barton.

In the picture " In Cumberland Street, north of the Argyle

Cut," we have in the centre cottage a type of the building adopted in the very early days of the city. It has wide eaves and is built of plastered brick. When the house was erected the street was not formed; in consequence, the tenant now steps down into his abode.

Not far away our artist has found an old building known in



In Cumberland Street, north of the Argyle Cut

the days of its grandeur as Cumberland House. I stood one day in front of the house with an old gentleman who had resided therein for over 40 years, and he brought before me forcibly what a connecting link this old mansion is between the convict régime and our day. Soon after becoming the

tenant he noticed a well-dressed, prosperous-looking man standing in the yard and gazing at the building. My friend spoke to the visitor and asked if he knew the house. "Yes," was the reply; "I have good cause to remember it. I worked at its erection, and was flogged here one day." Cumberland

Cumberland House, Cumberland Street

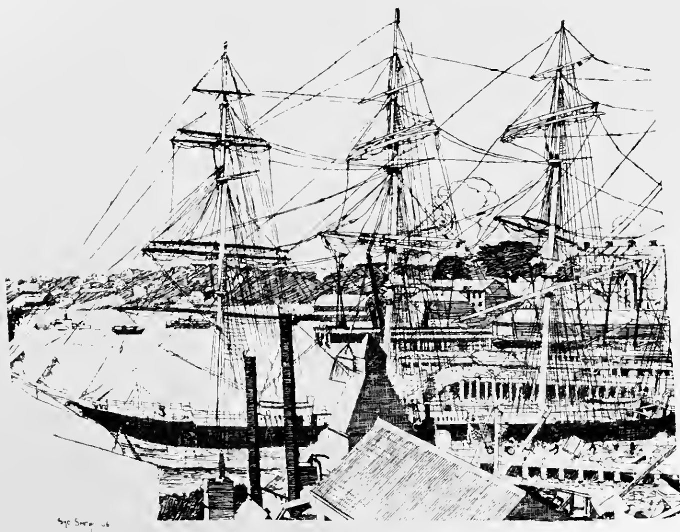
House was built in the "twenties" of the nineteenth century, and had as tenant in 1833 Captain Joseph Moore, who was, I believe, also the owner. Captain Moore was the founder of the family so intimately associated with Miller's Point and

the owners of Moore's Wharf. A later tenant of the building was Mr. Francis Mitchell, a partner in Mitchell and Co., one of the prominent early mercantile firms of Sydney.

Our next pictures carry us out on to the neck of land known as Miller's Point. The first is a view of the locality of Merriman and Bettington Streets, as it appeared in 1906. This is close to the site of the windmills which are referred to in another chapter. In the same year Mr. Smith made the drawing of the wharves on Miller's and Dawes Points. A visitor of to-day would find some difficulty in identifying this picture. So rapidly is old Sydney disappearing before the army of improvers that the view has completely changed. Gone are Towns' and Moore's wharves, links with the whaling days; a broad street runs where the old stores once held goods gathered from "China to Peru," and the military barracks, in the background of the picture, also have been swept away.

"Suppose you were to give me your idea of a monument to a Lord Mayor of London; or a tomb for a sheriff; or your notion of a cow-house to be erected in a nobleman's park. Do you know now," said Mr. Pecksniff, folding his hands, and looking at his young relation with an air of pensive interest, "that I should very much like to see your notion of a cow-house?" Something of the feeling of surprise, experienced by Martin Chuzzlewit at this artistic indifference to the object upon which his art was to be exercised, comes over me when I view another drawing presented for my pen by the artist,

On Miller's Point—Bettington Street in 1906



Miller's and Dawes Points in 1906

"The Old Stables, Dawes Battery." If one could write of this as the stable of some mighty racer of yore, as Jorrocks, Bennelong, or The Barb, it would open a page of history full of fact and fancy. Alas! from the absence of fact or knowledge, I know not even one racer who has graced the building with his presence, so we must let the picture pass with the comment that the subject is one of those old

Old Stables, Dawes Battery

pieces of Sydney artistic enough to chain the eye of an artist.

The two drawings following are side and rear views of the old building known as Dawes Battery. This received its name from Lieutenant Dawes, who built the first battery on this site to protect the port from foreign invasion. It is curious to read to-day a report in which the chances of an enemy's ship escaping the fire of this battery are discussed. I am pleased to record that it was proved to the satisfaction, at least of the writer, that the "raking fire" from the battery would devastate any ship daring enough to venture within its zone.

In the year 1798—to be more exact, in June of that year

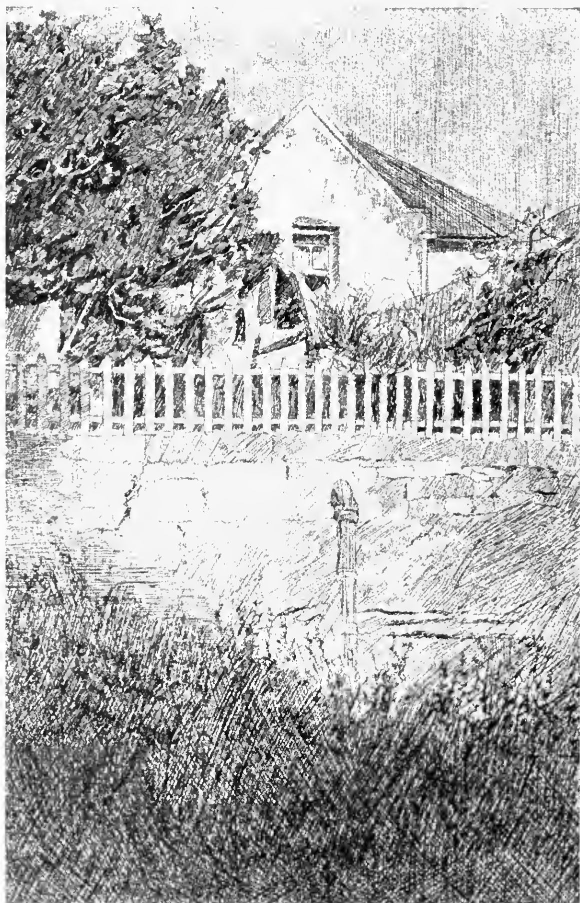
—a man arrived in Sydney who was destined to occupy a considerable place in the mercantile annals of the colony. His name was Robert Campbell, and he came to Sydney as a partner in the Calcutta firm of Campbell, Clark and Co., to spy out the land. Mr. Campbell saw such good prospects that he purchased "the lease of Baughan's house and garden," and another lease granted to Captain Waterhouse. On these lands wharves and a residence were erected, and the garden was cultivated. Campbell's Wharf, in time, became the centre of the mercantile life of the port, and from it in January, 1805, was depatched the *Lady Barlow* with the first large shipment of goods exported from Australia. This was a fateful cargo. In it the great East India Company saw a menace to its trading monopoly, and the goods were seized at the instigation

Rear View, Dawes Battery

of the officers of the company. The aid of Sir Joseph Banks was invoked by Mr. Campbell's agent in England, and after some months' delay the agent was allowed to sell the cargo, but for exportation only, involving a loss of some £7,000. This appears a somewhat dubious victory, but victory it was, for from this cargo dates the emancipation of Australian trade. If my readers will turn to the frontispiece to this book they

Side View, Dawes Battery

will see a portion of the historic lands of Mr. Campbell. The building that appears to be climbing up the hill is the Harbour View Hotel, and marks the boundary of Baughan's lease. To the left of the hotel was Mr. Campbell's garden, and on the water front his wharves. The building in the middle distance was a ladies' school in the days of its gentility.



In Trinity Avenue, Miller's Point

One of the charms of wandering in the older portions of Sydney is the unexpected pictures one comes upon. Mr. Smith has preserved one of these artistic spots in his view of the cottage in Trinity Avenue, near Trinity Church.

Some short distance from the site of our last picture stands (or perhaps it would be better to use the past tense, as the roof was falling on my last visit) an ancient-looking building on the corner of Argyle and Cambridge Streets, at the entrance to the Argyle Cut. This old place has witnessed some curious scenes during its life of 70 or 80 years. For many years it was the shop where the ladies and gentlemen of the "Rocks" lodged their worldly goods, in the care of Mr. Con. Duffy, to be redeemed when the exchequer had a fleeting surplus. At the time of the drawing one could see occasionally a foreign-looking sailor entering its door with a parrot or other bird—brought from some far-off country—to convert the feathered curio into coin of the realm. It was, however, in the early days of its career that the pageant before the house was interesting. Some years before 1843 the Government of the day determined to cut a pass, on the line of Argyle Street, through the rocks from George Street to the north-westerly parts of the city. Each week-day morning the chain gang, composed of convicts who had committed some real or fancied offence against the local laws, was marched down from the Hyde Park Barracks, and put to work on the excavation, which was abandoned by the

Government after reaching Cumberland Street.. A few years later the City Council took the work in hand and carried it to completion, but not a convict pick was used again. Strange to say the destiny of the Argyle Cut was affected by the insignificant buildings shown in the drawing. The City Surveyor of the time, in reporting to his council, stated that he

At the corner of Argyle and Cambridge Streets

could not lower the roadway of the Cut to its proper level as it would leave these buildings perched up in the air.

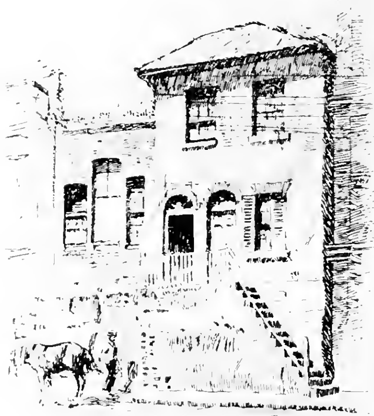
If you would like to see a fine old crusted Tory of a building, let me invite you to Pitt Street, opposite the Water and Sewerage Board's offices. Calm and serene, one can almost hear the building say: "For nearly one hundred years I have stood here and watched men come and go. I

have seen them build up and pull down and build again, and to-day my life is threatened by the cry of 'room for our high buildings,' but I am still here. And the old days were the best." To read the description of this part of the city by a writer of 75 years ago is to make us consider if we have not lost something in street improvements and skyscrapers. He says: "From the crossing of Park Street to its southern termination, Pitt Street, although less occupied by expensive buildings, is remarkable for the neatness and cheerful appearance displayed by most of the cottages with which it is lined on either side. The small garden plots here and there, their shaded verandahs, and the regularity of design which many of them display, taken altogether, not only please the eye and gratify the taste, but also have a direct tendency to recall the rustic beauties of Old England to the memory of everyone who can think of the land he has left, and rejoice in the land now his home." This building has a claim to distinction in that it was, in the thirties and forties of last century, a school-

Old School House, Pitt Street, opposite Water and Sewerage Board Offices

house under the charge of John Henry Rucker, and amongst the scholars were a number of boys whose connection with it will make the place historic. The brilliant but eccentric Daniel H. Deniehy was one, and George Richard Dibbs another; while the genial father of Australian amusements, John Bennett, can be added to the list.

When one views the manner in which old landmarks are being swept away, one wonders if the antiquary of a century hence will have anything but memories to engage his ardour. This reflection is engendered by the sketch of the offices of the Public Instruction Department. Like a man stricken with a mortal disease it awaits dissolution. Erected in 1815 as the office of the Secretary to the Governor, the building, the portal of which many of our famous men have crossed, is now, within a few years of its centenary, to be torn down. Eheu!



A Relic of Old Kent Street

Our ramble now leads us down to Kent Street where we find a relic of the twenties, wearing a lofty and superior

Department of Public Instruction, Bridge Street

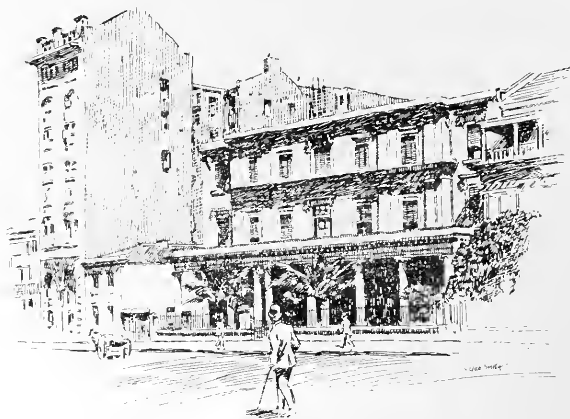
Old Store in Sussex Street

air in the presence of young but dingy neighbours. When this old building was young, in the locality resided a number of Sydney's merchants with a sprinkling of old salts.

An artist was asked on one occasion to paint a picture of "Peace." He drew a rushing, roaring, foaming waterfall, and, on a branch overhanging the water, a bird with her young in a nest. A modern artist could find the same symbolism in Sussex Street to-day. Surrounded by grain and produce stores, with the bustle of men receiving and delivering goods; with the ceaseless, heavy vehicular traffic of Sussex Street passing by, the old store, shown in our illustration, rests calm and placid. Moss is growing in the guttering of the eaves, here and there plaster has fallen off, shutters bar the lower windows, and broken panes repay their absence on the upper floor; on the walls may be picked out, in strata, the remains of various signs, and on the door is a mysterious "N," the meaning of which I know not. It is difficult to understand the reason for the neglect of what must be a valuable frontage, but, as lovers of the picturesque, we make no complaint.

We cannot do better in concluding our ramble round old Sydney than stop at the Macquarie Street mansion depicted in our last drawing. It is a type of the colonial mansions in favour with the financial magnates of sixty years ago. The house illustrated is the home of the Burdekin family, and

during the period when the late Sydney Burdekin was a member of Parliament Sir Henry Parkes, the Premier, held meetings of his Cabinet within its hospitable walls.



A Macquarie Street Mansion

The Last Stage

A MYSTERIOUS AFFAIR

A Mysterious Affair

An Episode of the Thirties

NE Sunday morning in the month of April, 1831, the good people of Sydney were astonished to see the ship *Edward* sail into port. A week before, this vessel had departed from Sydney bound for Batavia, yet here she was returning to port, and soon after her captain landed rumours of piracy and mutiny on the high seas ran through the town. A reporter from the "Sydney Gazette" waited on Captain Gilbert, the commander of the ship, and this was the mournful and tragic tale told by the captain.

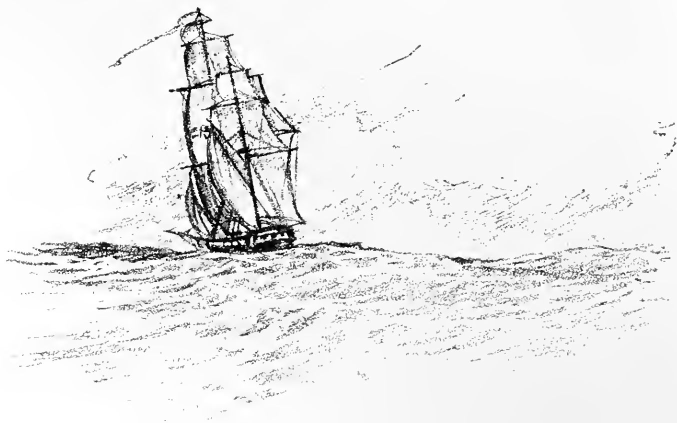
The *Edward* had sailed from Port Jackson on the 26th of March, 1831, in company with the ship *York*, which was bound for Madras with a detachment of the 57th Regiment. The *York* was commanded by Captain Leary, who was unfamiliar with the passage of Torres Straits, and had arranged with the captain of the *Edward* for the two ships to keep company until the Straits were cleared. Here we will allow the editor of the "Sydney Gazette" to take up the tale. His account was written the day after the return of the *Edward*, and has therefore the charm of freshness. From him I have borrowed also the heading of this chapter.

"Having very little wind, their progress was slow, and on Tuesday last, the 29th, they had reached no farther than the latitude of Port Macquarie, and were about four degrees off that coast. Both vessels were sailing E.N.E., the course which had been mutually agreed upon until day-break on the Wednesday morning, when they were again to consult for the day.

"So anxious, indeed, was Captain Leary to act in concert with his fellow-voyager, that on Wednesday he wrote a note to that gentleman minutely stating what he understood to be the arrangement for the night, and expressing his determination to adhere strictly to it. About 5 o'clock in the afternoon, the hour at which the military gentlemen dined, the *York* was observed suddenly to change her course from E.N.E. to S.E., without any sort of intimation to Captain Gilbert of her reasons for so doing. Her stern sails were set, and it appeared that she was pursuing her new tack with all possible despatch The ships, at the moment this alteration took place, were about two or three miles apart, the *Edward* being in advance; but the latter being by far the better sailer, Captain Gilbert instantly pursued his comrade to demand an explanation, and at about 11 o'clock at night came within hail. When his approach was observed, the *York* again shifted her course to S.W. Captain Gilbert remonstrated against this strange conduct, and called loudly for Captain Leary, but without receiving one word of reply, the *York* continued to sheer

off. Gilbert, however, still pressed after, and on again coming up, renewed his calls for Leary, when a man dressed in a long frock coat was seen to leap upon the *York's* poop, and cried out in a strange voice 'What do you want?' 'I want Captain Leary,' was Gilbert's answer, 'and you are steering wrong.' 'No,' replied the same voice, 'we are going through Bass' Straits.' 'Then,' said Gilbert, 'if you have no chart you had better come on board of me, for you are steering wrong for the Straits. You are not Captain Leary. Where is he? If you don't bring to, I'll run you down.' They again sheered off. 'I followed,' says Captain Gilbert, 'and came up a third time, and hailed them the same as before. They backed the main-yard, and endeavoured to get round me, as I supposed, to have boarded me. Finding what they were about, I filled my main-sail, and left them at 3 in the morning of Wednesday the 30th. They were then steering towards the S.W. of New Zealand. I heard two guns go off, and saw the flashes. In the afternoon I signalled him that if the wind changed in the night to steer N.; he directly up stick and steered S. When they did this they hoisted Marryat's signal, *Under orders, bear away, come up*. Both myself, officers and men then thought the ship was taken, for Leary was most anxious that I should not leave them on any account.'

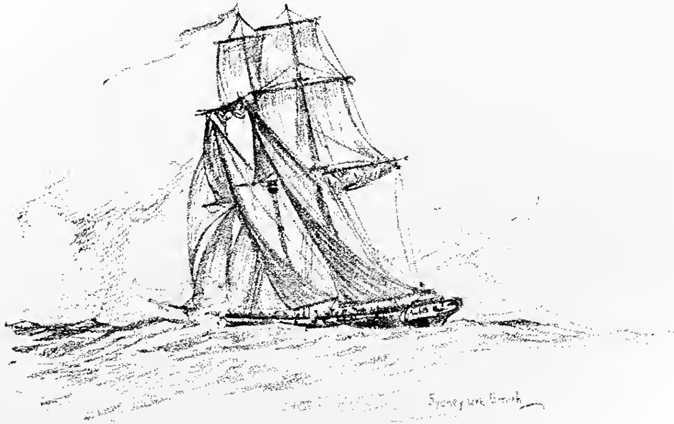
"Nothing now remained for Captain Gilbert but to put back to Sydney and report the extraordinary transaction. To have attempted to take the *York* by force, filled as she was



with armed soldiers, would have been madness, and the only way in which he had it in his power to serve the cause of humanity and his country, was to interrupt his own voyage by returning with the mysterious tidings."

At this point our editor indulges in some speculations.

"What could have led the unhappy men to so desperate a measure, or by what means so large a body of British troops could have been inveigled into so sudden a conspiracy, or in what part of the world they could dream of finding an asylum from justice, it is not easy to conjecture. The only supposable cause of the mutiny is that aversion to the India service which the military in general feel—but this, for an act so full



"I followed," said Captain Gilbert

of peril, is a most inadequate reason; the dangers of the climate of India were nothing to be compared with the fearful hazards of seizing the ship. To what part of the globe could they go with any chance of finding a secure home? If they went to any of the South Sea Islands, their numbers would expose them to famine, or to the fierce jealousy of the natives. If to South America, they would be almost sure to fall in with British ships of war, which are continually cruising off the whole line of the coast. To remain long at sea was out of the question, for their provisions would soon fall short. Nothing, then, was before them but the extremest

danger, and the most probable of their dreadful chances was, that they would, sooner or later, be apprehended."

To maintain the interest of the story, and to build up the dramatic situation, it is necessary now to pull out the quivering, sorrowful tremolo stop. Here I find my editor at his best, and 'twould be but vanity on my part to disturb so much as a comma.

"The fate of the officers and their unfortunate ladies is wrapped in the most appalling uncertainty. We derive some consolation, however, from the fact, that cold-blooded butchery is the reverse of the long-established character of British soldiers. They are humane and forbearing, even to their foes; and to their friends, their countrymen, their officers, and their *countrywomen*, it is difficult to conceive them capable of brutality or assassination. One thing appears but too certain: if they retained possession of the ship, it would be essential to their own supposed safety to get rid of all who were not in the plot. The mildest mode of disposing of these would be to land them at New Zealand or some other island, with a liberal stock of provisions and conveniences; but even this would be a cruel lot, attended with privations, hardships, and perils which one shudders to imagine.

"But there is yet a gleam of hope from the consideration that out of so large a body of soldiers as one hundred and sixty privates and non-commissioned officers, with fifteen women and thirty-nine children, it is impossible to believe

there were not a considerable number who remained faithful to their duty. This would add seriously to the embarrassments of the mutineers, and it is by no means impossible that cool reflection might convince them of the madness of their conduct, and that such conviction, seconded by the entreaties of those around them, might issue in a penitent surrender. Nor would it, indeed, be at all surprising, were the loyal party to conquer in their turn, and, in a few days hence, to re-enter Sydney Cove."

A few days after this account was published the good people of Sydney received another shock. One part, at least, of the editor's prophecy came true; the *York* did "re-enter Sydney Cove," and this is the story of Captain Leary:—

"On Sunday, the 27th ult., Captain Leary of the *York* dined with Captain Gilbert on board the *Edward*, and returned to his own ship in the evening, after arranging for the signals to be made during that night. This was the last personal intercourse they had. The wind was then N.E.

"On Monday, the 28th, no communication took place, and the wind continued steady from the N.E.

"On Tuesday, the 29th (the memorable day on which Captain Gilbert supposed the *York* to be captured), about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, Captain Leary, finding the wind so unchangeably contrary, began to think seriously of putting back for Bass' Straits. Not willing to act unadvisedly, he called a meeting of the military officers and stated that, the

wind appearing to have settled in the N.E., they might be kept where they were for a length of time; but that if they steered to the southward, they would in four or five days be carried through Bass' Straits, with every prospect of a good passage, and without the anxieties and dangers of Torres' Straits. Major Hunt and the other officers being exactly of the same opinion, the alteration was at once adopted and acted upon. Signals were immediately made to the *Edward*, announcing, as plainly as such signs could, the change that had been determined upon. The first was to this effect—'Excuse me, I'm under orders to go through Bass' Straits.' The second was the hoisting of the ensign, the usual signal for parting, equivalent to the word 'Farewell.' The third was the discharge gun, the ordinary accompaniment, at sea, of the 'Farewell' ensign, being, we suppose, the best substitute for a hearty shaking of hands. These intimations completed, the *Edward* hoisted her pennant, the sign that the signal had been understood. Leary, not doubting that he had made his companion clearly acquainted with his intentions, now put his ship about, and steadily pursued his course to the southward. Observing that the *Edward* had put about also, the gentlemen of the *York* believed that Gilbert had come to the same conclusion as themselves, namely, that it was better to make for Bass' Straits than to contend with a settled foul wind; and Leary good-humouredly remarked to the officers, 'Instead of Gilbert's leading me through Torres' Straits, I'll lead

"And left them at three in the morning"

him through Bass' Straits.' At night, as was stated by Gilbert, the *Edward* neared the *York* and hailed her; proper answers were returned, but the former being to windward, and the sea running high, Gilbert could not hear them.

"On Wednesday morning, about 3 o'clock, the *York* was hailed again, when Captain Leary, Major Hunt, and the chief officer of the ship went on to the poop to know what was the matter. The 'man dressed in a long frock coat,' whom Gilbert took for one of the mutineers, was Major Hunt. Gilbert called out that Leary was steering wrong, and told him to lower down a boat and come on board of him, that he might point out where he was wrong. Leary was rather nettled at such an imputation of ignorance, and replied that he (Gilbert) must suppose him mad, not to know so simple a navigation as that to Bass' Straits; and, taking Major Hunt down to the cabin, he pointed out to that gentleman on the chart the exact spot they were then on, and the course they were steering.

"It never entered their heads that Gilbert could be ignorant of their intentions, taking it for granted that their signals had been distinctly understood by him. His repeated hailings, his calling so vehemently for Captain Leary, and his persisting in telling them they were wrong, appeared to those on board the *York* quite as puzzling as their own proceedings appeared to him, and at length they determined to get as near him, as, in so rough a sea, the safety of both vessels would permit, for the purpose of holding more intelligible communi-

cation. Their effort was frustrated, as our readers know, by Gilbert's supposing them to be a set of mutineers, and that this was a manoeuvre to board and take possession of his ship. Away, therefore, he went, each party wondering at the strange conduct of the other."

Thus did the mysterious affair lose its mystery, and the honour of the 57th remain untarnished. Unfortunately, the *Edward* had sailed before the *York* returned, and I have little doubt that the story of the mutiny of the 57th, told by the officers of the *Edward* in Batavia, is still rolling round the world, for truth can never catch a lie. Our editor pours out half a column of healing oil to the "brave men of the 57th," and concludes by "wishing them a prosperous voyage and every happiness in their future life," which, let us hope, they had.

FIFTY YEARS AGO

Fifty Years Ago

IS address is No. 2 Cave, Domain. Hours: 6 to 8 p.m. in winter, 8 p.m. to 1 a.m. in summer. May be consulted on any subject under the sun, from the comparative warmth of the Sydney newspapers as bedclothes to the fallacies of pragmatism. He is jolly enough to be twenty, has a voice a hundred years old, and confesses to eighty. My tobacco is of a brand he fancies. I am in a position, therefore, to give you some of his old Sydney stories.

I was a young man of twenty when the ship *Marion* dropped her anchor in Sydney Cove. That was in the year 1852. I was alone; had just left Oxford, but was bent on seeking fortune in the new El Dorado. I did not know when I landed where to go, so I asked the boatman, a wiry and wrinkled old salt, who was rowing me in his wherry from the ship

"I walked out to look at the city"

to the landing place, if he could tell me a good boarding house.

"If it's lodgings you want, I'm the chap as can plant you on out-and-outers. Don't go by no means to put up at a pub., for the landlords and landladies 'll think yer allers a-robbing on 'em 'cept yer allers as drunk as a fiddler. And don't go to none on 'em 'ere cribs vere 'em calls it 'Board and Residence'; them's the worsest places for prog in the town. But I'll take yer to a first-rate place in Kent Street; altho' it's nothing much to look at, it's a rattling place for grub! It's kept by an old 'ooman named O'Callaghan, wot keeps cows, and pigs, goats, chickens, and other domestic reptiles. I'll take yer and introduce yer to the old 'ooman. Yer'll find her rough and ready." After leaving the Circular Quay, the waterman took me along George Street, down Druitt Street, and round into Kent Street, till we came to a house perched upon the rocks, just at the rear of the Town Hall.

The Mail Coach

In the window was a card, and on it was inscribed something like this:—

> *Bord han Loggin here*
> *for singil ginthilmin han*
> *their wives han childer,*
> *if so be they've got hany.*
> *—Judith O'Callaghan.*

A Matter of Business

The boatman introduced me to Mrs. O'Callaghan, a big, powerful Irishwoman with a face brimming with good humour, and she promised to look after me as if I were "her own blessed born son."

The day after my arrival, I walked out to look at the city. I glanced over a wall coming up Druitt Street, and found we had a cemetery next to our back yard. That's where the Town Hall is now. Passing along George Street I was surprised to see the fine jewellers' shops, quite up to Bond Street, and in Pitt Street the drapers' shops. In George Street I saw a big man with a clean-shaven, rather rough face, wearing a white waistcoat, ordering some men round who were rolling casks into a wine and spirit store. I was struck with his appearance, and asked who he was. The man replied: "Oh, that's Bill Long." I came afterwards to know him well, but

as the Hon. William Long. At the corner of Market Street the Coopers had a big store with a line of posts and chains in front of it. Of course the streets were not like they are now. Mud was much in evidence, and ruts were frequent. This was not to be wondered at, as teams of bullocks were constantly passing along.

Down in Lower George Street I saw an amusing sight. A cab rank was there; the old four-wheelers principally, with two horses, with a few of "Mr. Hansom's cabs," as they were called. I was standing by this rank when a small boy came up and said to a cabby named Bill Broughton, "Father wants you," to which Bill replied, "Then want will be his master." Off ran the boy into a hotel, and presently out came an exceedingly fat man, weighing about 30 stone, who made for the rank. Immediately Bill saw him he whipped up his horses and drove away followed by all the other cabs.

The fat man was Mr. James Ewen, the licensee of the hotel, and when he saw the

A Matter of Dress

cabs disappear he waxed very wroth. After a time the cabs came back, but out came Mr. Ewen, and away drove the cabs. This occurred three times, and each time Mr. Ewen was hotter, and "wrother," and redder. Finally he shook his fist at them and disappeared. I saw in the papers afterwards that he summoned Bill Broughton and obtained a verdict of one shilling against him, despite the fact that a gentleman named McCarthy swore that he had engaged Bill to take him to a funeral—but Mr. Dowling, the magistrate, said he ought to have explained this fact to Mr. Ewen.

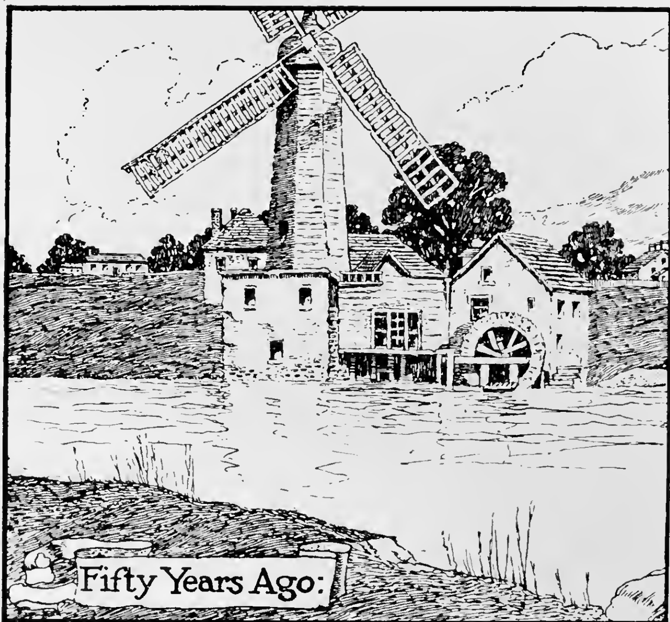
A Matter of State

Circular Quay was a very different place then from what it is now. The water and mud extended up a part of what is now Pitt Street, joining on to the very dirty Tank Stream. Wharves were on both sides, but the vessels did not lie close up to them as at present. The ship was moored some distance off, and two heavy timbers were run from her to the wharf. The space between was boarded over, and up this gangway the wool was hauled, not with a windlass, but with a capstan and all hands going.

Circular Quay

Then there were bullock teams everywhere. The drivers were known by their pipes and language. The pipe was a "cutty" of any shape and size favoured by the owner. Some were nigger's heads, others were Russians or Turks, or mermaids, or Margaret Catchpole. The blacker-looking the pipe, the prouder was the owner. As to their language —well, here's a story:—

There was a good man who was horrified at the bullock drivers' vocabulary. He said to them: "Why don't you try kindness? the bullocks do not understand that brutal language. Try kindness." They removed their cutties, and told him to try it. So one day the good man demonstrated. A team was handed over to him and he started the bullocks. They proceeded along the Quay until a slight hill was met. Here the driver had to use his voice for the first time. "Come up, Strawberry; forward, Blossom," he said. With one accord



Howell's Mill, Parramatta

When Grandpa was young

the bullocks stopped, turned their heads and looked him up and down in a ruminating way; then the leaders started, described a semicircle, and the team calmly returned to its guffawing owner.

When I made enquiries about the goldfields, I was not at all impressed with my chances. The Turon, I was told, was done, except for experienced men, and the Tambaroora was not recommended. An opportunity of seeing the fields arose, however, of which I shall tell you later.

At the time when I arrived, the successful digger was much in evidence. Many times at night I would hear a regular babel coming down the street. Two or three cabs filled with diggers and women would tear past me, everybody on board, including the drivers, being drunk, and shouting at the top of their voices. The party would stop at every public house and refresh themselves. The police had a very convenient method of rounding up these parties. They would wait until the diggers and their ladies were comfortably settled

As it was in the beginning

An Old Sydney Doorway

in a cab after a visit to a hotel, then mount the box, take the reins from the driver, and drive round comfortably to the nearest police station. When the vehicle stopped, the fares would roll out in expectation of more refreshment and be gathered in. Next day one of the diggers would haul out a roll of notes and pay the whole of the fines. These celebrations became such a nuisance ultimately that the mayor, speaking from the bench after fining a party, threatened to deal heavily with any more offenders.

Mr. Stubbs (Old Stubbs, as he was called) was the In-

In the Domain

spector of Nuisances at the period, and the prosecuting officer. He was wont to ride round the city on a dilapidated old horse on the look-out for nuisances. One night, however, a nuisance came to him. Mr. Stubbs opened his front door one morning to see a grinning crowd gazing at a deceased bullock planted on his very doorstep. He was quite angry and offered £1 reward for the perpetrators of the outrage.

Having decided not to go to the goldfields, I looked round for a situation, and found one in a bank. I tired soon of the confinement, and requested to be sent out on the goldfields

staff. The request was granted, and for the next ten years I got all the excitement I was looking for. The bank premises on a new field usually consisted of a 10 ft. x 8 ft. tent with a counter of bark. In the early days, moreover, we would be without a safe of any kind, and the knowledge that hundreds of pounds worth of gold was under your stretcher was not calculated to induce slumber.

We had many an exciting adventure in those days. I can recall a number, but the incident that stands out clearest in my memory is a story told me by a fellow official.

We were riding to the Meroo diggings, and one afternoon, after travelling over some ranges, we came out on a lovely plain on the Collaroy Station. To my surprise I saw a cottage standing near the road. We rode over and found it uninhabited, with all the doors open.

"This will be a fine place in which to camp to-night," I remarked.

"I don't agree with you," said my companion. "But, look, it's going

Royal Hotel and Theatre Royal in 1838

The Colonial Treasury, Lang Street

to rain, and will be very cold; it's absurd to miss the chance," I remonstrated.

"Never mind, come with me." He took me round the cottage and I saw that all the slabs which once comprised the floors of the rooms were taken up and propped against the walls.

"Now," he said, "I'm going down to camp by the springs,

and I'll tell you a story to-night why I will not sleep here, and you'll quite agree with me."

Convinced by his earnest tones I reluctantly followed my companion, and we pitched our tent some distance away from the cottage. After dinner he told me this tale:

"A few years ago another man and myself came over those ranges and rode up to that house just as we did to-day, only on that occasion it was pouring rain and night had fallen. We were very pleased to see the light from the house, and rode up to it. The door opened, and a man stood in the doorway and called out in a hearty voice: 'Take your horses round to the stables. You're going to stay with me to-night.'

"Now I'm not superstitious, but that night I think a guardian angel was near me. I don't know to this day why I said it, but I replied at once, 'No, thanks, we'll just come in for a time; we must push on.' My partner looked at me in surprise, and said under his breath, 'What bunkum! Of course we'll stay.' 'No we won't,' I muttered. Inside the house our host gave us a warm drink and pressed us to put up for the night. Before the other man could say anything I declined the offer with thanks.

"Immediately I entered the house the conviction strengthened within me (as far as I could see without any tangible reason) that danger lurked there. I got my companion out somehow, and on to his horse. His indignation

Royal Victoria Theatre, Pitt Street

at my spectral fears was not at all damped by the rain and cold that night.

"Some months afterwards a team was bringing wool down from the station, and the driver sent his little boy on to have the billy boiled by the time they arrived at the springs, where we are now camped. The boy forgot to get a match, and ran up to the house to ask for one. Seeing the door open he walked in, and glanced through the door leading off the main room. He saw our host with some of the flooring slabs up digging a hole, and on the floor the body of a man. The boy ran off, and the digger chased him. Fortunately the boy was fleet and escaped to tell his father, who kept his own counsel, but took occasion before they started next morning to go up to the house. He found the owner looking very uneasy, but when the visitor only asked for a little flour the hut-keeper appeared reassured. During his absence to obtain the flour the father looked into the room that the boy had indicated.

On his arrival at the nearest township, next day, he reported the matter to the police, and the following day two troopers arrived at our friend's house and arrested him. On digging up the floors of his house they found the remains of thirteen men, and three more outside.

"Do you wonder why I would not sleep there?"

Sydney Ure Smith

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